

11-1-1974

Archarios, 1974 Fall

Office of Student Life

USC Coastal Carolina College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine>



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Office of Student Life and USC Coastal Carolina College, "Archarios, 1974 Fall" (1974). *Archarios Literary Art Magazine*. 1.
<https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine/1>

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by the Office of Student Life at CCU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Archarios Literary Art Magazine by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact commons@coastal.edu.

A
R
C
H
A
R
I
O
S



20194НСБЧ



Co-Editors

pat d'anna
bill webster

Cover Design

elizabeth bradham

Faculty Advisors

dr. john durrell
dr. don millus

Layout

rick wall

Typists

marie biddy
janice loud

a very special thanks to all who cared
enough to share their literary talents with us.
whether your work was accepted or returned, we
appreciate your interest, and dedicate this issue...

TO YOU

Sincerely,

pat d'anna and bill webster

Archaios vol. IV..no. 1 Fall 1974

University of South Carolina
Coastal Carolina Regional Campus
Conway, South Carolina

Authors reserve all rights.
©1974

(none publ'd in 1975 + 1976)

1954
United States of America

James Earl Ray
Central Criminal Justice Center
New York, New York

January 1, 1954

James Earl Ray
Central Criminal Justice Center

DO NOT

any other person or persons
or persons to be present at the trial
of the case of James Earl Ray
or any other person or persons

James Earl Ray
Central Criminal Justice Center

1954

James Earl Ray

1954

James Earl Ray
Central Criminal Justice Center

1954

James Earl Ray

1954

James Earl Ray
Central Criminal Justice Center

1954

Spring Storm

*Whirling winds toss my hair;
Blinding pellets crush my face;
Icy waters engulf my feet,
As crashing waves caress the shore.*

*That I might embrace these waves
And hold them to my breast
As I would hold a lover
Given me by the Sea.*

Patricia A. Crosby

WINTER'S BITTERNESS

*Weary Winter
Spreads his coldness
Over this small southern town,
As his fingertips trickle
Down the
Grey Faces
Of buildings,
Falling on all who try to
Run away from him.
Perhaps,
Winter can make me shiver,
But inside of me,
He stands no chance,
For my soul can chase
Away the cold any day!*

Melanie

The Standard of Oil had been stained

*The dropped tide's mud is sunbaked
Mountains rise out of the drink
I am a tree without leaves
Never severed from the sun
LO! red cardinal
I creep over paper
Dropping ink into canals.*

A flash of bright light

An explosion

"Oh God, it's hot."

Panic

"Please, everybody stay calm, please stay calm."

"Go to your homes."

"Tune your television sets to your local channel."

"Please do as it directs you."

"Thank you."

Children cry

Women and men scream

Some fall as they run

They don't get up

Where can they hide?

More light

More explosions

People screaming everywhere.

"Take two aspirin, drink fluids, and get lotsa rest."

More light

Explosions

"Oh God..."

It's all over!?

"Oh God..."

Are you still there, God?

Why, God?

Why?

How could you let them do that?

You shoulda stopped them, God

God?

You shoulda stopped them

God, their faces

their faces

Did you see their faces?

You shoulda stopped them a long time ago, God.

You shoulda God.

God, I think of the ones who hated war.

Yes, there were plenty of them.

They shouldn'ta died, God.

They had nothing to do with it.

God, you shoulda stopped them.

There's nothing left, God.

Oh God...."

Richard Thomas

Face of a child.

Innocent?

Has seen the horrors of war.

Well, then

innocent by choice.

Lorri

Lost, but not Found

*Here today and gone tomorrow,
My heart is stripped and lies in sorrow,
What once was here is no more,
The sadness around me I abhor,
What once was here is no more,
She slipped away through an open door,
To better times and better places,
Away from people with saddened faces.*

Mark Land

Time

Time has no ending

Yet an

Ending has no time!

Melanie

By Candlelight At 3 A.M.

Time for speaking

Time for listening

Time for maze and blue

And gazes through windows

See some distant battles

With triumphs and losses

And lots of lost causes

And-They Say Things Go Better With Coke.

anon.

Embrace

Today I saw the Sky kiss the Sea;
They hugged each other so close that
they could not be set apart.
And the sun warmed them both,
While brightly illuminating the Sky's
white hair.
At the approach of dusk, they slowly parted,
As if they hated to have to say, "Goodbye."
But they will embrace again, and their
Love will continue until the end of time
Just as it has from the beginning.

T. Page

AT THE MARKET

an elderly woman is
murdered,
butchered,
and stuffed into a car trunk,
looking like the chicken she markets for
on friday,
tin badges stare in disgust.

Mark Land

Sea Gulls in Winter

Chill blowing through my
very soul
As I watch the graceful swans
of the sea.

Dive my pretty ones,
Devour the bounties given thee.

Soar, glide on snowy wings
Above the roaring sea.

Oh, to be free
To wander o'er the sea.

Sometimes, I wish
I were you
And you were me.

Patricia A. Crosby

VIRGINITY LOST

A last virgin is soon to be ruined
by a seductive and cunning seducer
who is not to be trusted
as a character who manipulates the drama
of interest

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO
CAN BE TRUSTED

SOMEONE LEFT HERE

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO

CAN BE TRUSTED



this photo has been selected by the co-editors as the archarios
photographic-art award.

VIRGINITY LOST

*the last virgin is soon to be ruined,
seductive and enticing she unknowingly
causes desire to run high,
her attacker deftly manipulates the organs
of interest,
legs spread widely she is unprotected from her
fate,*

SOMEONE SAVE HER!

*she is the last virgin,
the everglades.*

Mark Land

CYCLE

*One tiny grain of dust makes a grain of
sand
That rolls with the mighty wind as soon as it can
stand;
But that grain of sand for long is not
alone;
For as it gathers and rolls along it soon becomes a
stone;
When it can no longer roll it is then a
rock
That settles safely, solidly beside a boating
dock;*

*With each wave that is dipped
A tiny grain of dust is chipped*

And...

*One tiny grain of dust makes a grain of
sand...*

Linda Gore

how to make friends and rule the world *or* *i was a teenage hermit*

I will be the first to admit that I have not exactly won outstanding awards at cultivating friendships, but then making friends is not an easy task. You don't know who to trust anymore. Last week I walked into the post office and found a mug shot of the next candidate for public office under the Ten Most Wanted. But this is speaking on a highly impersonal level. We don't trust the crooks: we just nominate, vote, and elect them. Speaking on a one-to-one basis, I hitherto explain the formula for friendship making, or drop in the effort of trying.

First you should find someone who looks as if he might be on the same intellectual level as you, and feel your way into a conversation until you find something that you both have in common. If, after this, you come up with nothing, reverse the recipe, and find someone who is completely opposite from you and lie a lot. You might start out by joining some collegiate organization such as "Save The Poor Impoverished Featherless East Swallovia Prairie Turkey." This should be a voluntary thing, but let's face it folks — who's going to work eight hours a day for some anonymous featherless turkey? If the species should become extinct, leaving you high and dry, don't resort to suicide (yet).

Maybe you should try a change in character, a new style or a change of apparel. This change does not have to be permanent; just give it a try. For example, I like faded jeans that are so worn they look like left-overs from the world's largest moth convention. I once had a pair of jeans that were so old they got lost in the family wash. Days later, after a frantic search, they turned up in the lint filter. That did it. I decided really to overwhelm the world and make a new image. So, just that easy, just that quick, I bought a new pair of jeans. They don't call me a big spender for nothing.

Perhaps your intellectual goals are founded on a more mature level. Maybe you seek parental closeness and leadership; in other words, maybe you're just plain weird! Some take a very dim view of this only because it does not apply to those of us on this side of the gap. We have great respect for the "Generation Gap," and would do anything to promote this marvelous thing. In most of the more stable cases it is not a "gap": it is more like a dead-end drop-off, leading infinitely

into eternity. As for the parental closeness, we are about as close as the walls of the Snake River Canyon. I figure, if "Evil" can't conquer this challenge, who am I to try it?

You are going to come across those who would rather not be befriended. Explain to them how lucky they are to have you as a friend, how people all over the world form massive crowds wherever you go just to be your friend. If after this they are still not converted, and you sense the distinct taste of dirty sweat socks, give up your tiring efforts. Not only have you completely outdone yourself, but you have put your foot swiftly in your mouth. Some people are just not the friendly type. As a matter of fact, there are a few "old buzzards" that are so cold they could freeze water that has reached a full rolling boil.

There is one type you should avoid. This person I refer to as "the smart guy." He, she, or it is usually the most brilliant person in class, and he, she, or it usually makes any of your most heartfelt efforts look as if you weren't even trying. I'm sure you know the type. Usually he, she, or it sits in the center of the room quietly computing its dimensions while the roll is being called. This type is usually quite lean (skinny as a rail) wears glasses so thick he can watch cells divide without the aid of a microscope, grows green algae on his chest, and brings his own lunch in a little tin box since he is a vegetarian. This little box looks like a small home grown terrarium when opened. On rainy days he can be found near an open window calculating how many drops of rain fall per square millimeter. Keep as much distance as possible between you and this weirdo.

If after this experience, you still remain a social outcast, don't give up this ever so slowly sinking ship. However, you should not give up the idea of suicide, for at this point it does have some very distinct possibilities. Remember though, "If at first you don't succeed, try failure again."

Linda Gore

how to make friends and rule the world or i was a teenage hermit has been selected by the co-editors as the archaios literary award for prose

Terrible Injustice

Indian, Indian,

your race dying fast,

Why have they plighted you in days gone past?

The land once yours was taken from you,

*You painted the ground with your bloods
red hue,*

: Indian,

Indian,

for you i pray,

While you work in the cold heat of the day.

Mark Land

I've often dreamed a thousand dreams

When here I've sat alone

Of planet trip and swinging hips

and days come and gone.

I've wandered distant planets

And conquered many worlds

But never have I walked the earth

or that of any girl.

Kevin Lewis

SEAGULL'S FLIGHT

Silver tipped wings of cloud white seagulls barely

Move as they fly,

Soaring toward heaven's horizons

Across-a faded blue jean sky.

Melanie



"WHY" by Spinny 1974

Whose cities were those
Which covered miles and miles
I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

Whose oceans were those
Which smoothed the beaches
I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

Whose rivers were those
Which swept the land
I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

Whose forests were those
Which towered to the sky
I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

Whose flowers were those
Which stood in fine fields
I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

Whose animals were those
Which roamed the land
I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

I wish I could see them
I wish I could.

Richard Thomas.

A New Day

I wish I could dream
The waves calmly coming in;
That, I could sleep through.

William J. Smith

*In the dark and owning clouds
The Amber Falcon flies
And where he roosts, the hand of death
And living things must die.
Oh, Amber Falcon
King of fate
How easily disguised
Your wings can fill the burning heart
Or the dark and muddy skies.
Oh, Amber Falcon
I speak of life
Of love that's forgotten
But you who took away my child
Of life that death has gotten.
Oh, Amber Falcon
Come—take my life away
I've lived too long, my love is lost
I've lost the light of day.
Oh, Amber Falcon
Whose wings did black the morning sun
I've lost the light of day.*

Kevin Lewis

THE DREAMER'S STAR OF IMAGINATION

*Dreams are stars of glory that behold the imagination of a dreamer.
Stars take a turn for the right then go out like the last bit
Of heaven in a flicker of candle light.
They shine with all the brightness that the sun lets slip
Through the clouds.
They fly free as the wind to travel the mind,
As the wind would travel an open field
Searching for another dream,
Another wish that would fall upon the shoulders of a star,
Burning midnight's cloak of darkness with a radiance so bright,
That they reflect in the eyes of the dreamer.
The Star of Imagination.
Runs through the minds of dreamers,
Like a vast,
Beautiful land that is still unexplored.
People can keep their lives and lose them,
But the dreamer,
Yes,
The dreamer
Will always have his star!*

Melanie

LET ME PASS

*Let me pass from this world as I came.
Let not my knowledge of reality be clouded by the
Jaded doubts of fantasy.
Let not my inspired, all containing love be bogged
By one man's selfish soul.
Let not my appreciation of all created things be
Disillusioned by the single eye of mankind.
Let not the voice of the universal soul that speaks
In me be stilled by the unrelenting mores of culture.
Let not the force of God that flows through me be
Clogged by the murky mass of earthly indecision and misdirection.
Let me continue to believe as I believe, to love, as I love,
To understand as I understand.
Let me pass from this world as I came.*

Karen D. Carpenter

Wonder Bread

*Who, what, when,
where, how, and why
are we simply just
simply existing?
Shout and break
your pitchers of ignorance
and the walls will come
tumbling down. Jericho
was fool's gold compared to
our city. That's right, smoke,
smoke, smoke your mind—and
preserve it—don't waste it or let
it spoil—smoke it—While humpty
dumpty lies there and bleeds to death.*

Elmo

To You

*You are the light of my day
and the peace of my night.
I live because you give me life.
Without you I am nothing,
with you...I am.*

*Your love is the key
that opened the door to an empty room
and brought life into it.*

*Ours is the fulfillment of life
I have searched for.*

*The love we share
and give each other
is truly...
the greatest gift of all.*
Gary Stone

Do Remember Me

*When nature's symphony
Performs her evening melody;
And birds waken the morn,*

Do remember me.

*When stars and moon
Cast their lights across calmed sea,
But most of all, when
Gales and storms disturb its reverie;*

Do remember me.

*When fairs and carnivals arrive
With candy apples, daring rides,
Now I'm a child of five;*

Do remember me.

*When nature builds her nests
When tiny buds come forth,
Napping in new grass,
These times I love most;*

Do remember me.

*When life begins to drag
Becoming a terrible bore,
Remember evermore.*

*The magic of our wondrous nights,
The tenderness of the days
Even our little fights.*

*when walking wintry shores
Gaze across the breaking surf;
My soul outstretched across the earth*

*Remember ever after
Our summer laughter.*

Oh, do remember me!

Patricia A. Crosby

do remember me has been selected
by the co-editors as the archaios
literary award for poetry.

Uh-huh

I feel like wow.

*Friendly smiles help
Every day goes slowly.
Every night's too much.
Love is real*

*Like a broken moonbeam
I don't mind.
Kinds of happiness
Even if it lasts.*

*Sing softly, weep low
Each to his own
Xactly.*

I feel like now.

*Friendly smiles help
Each day go faster.
Each day so slowly.
Love is fine*

*Like a virgin sweater
I feel warm.
Kinds of goodness
Even if it ends.*

*Living is being.
Others hesitate.
Very "Very"
Each to each other*

*Another sunrise
Never lasting
Days are laughing
[Day is done]*

*Sing softly, weep low
Each to ourselves
Xactly.*

*How is warmth
Our tender-ness
We are*

*Again a climb
Before morning
Over the mountains
Under the seas
Towards tomorrows*

*Yesterdays are gone
Over mountains
Under seas*

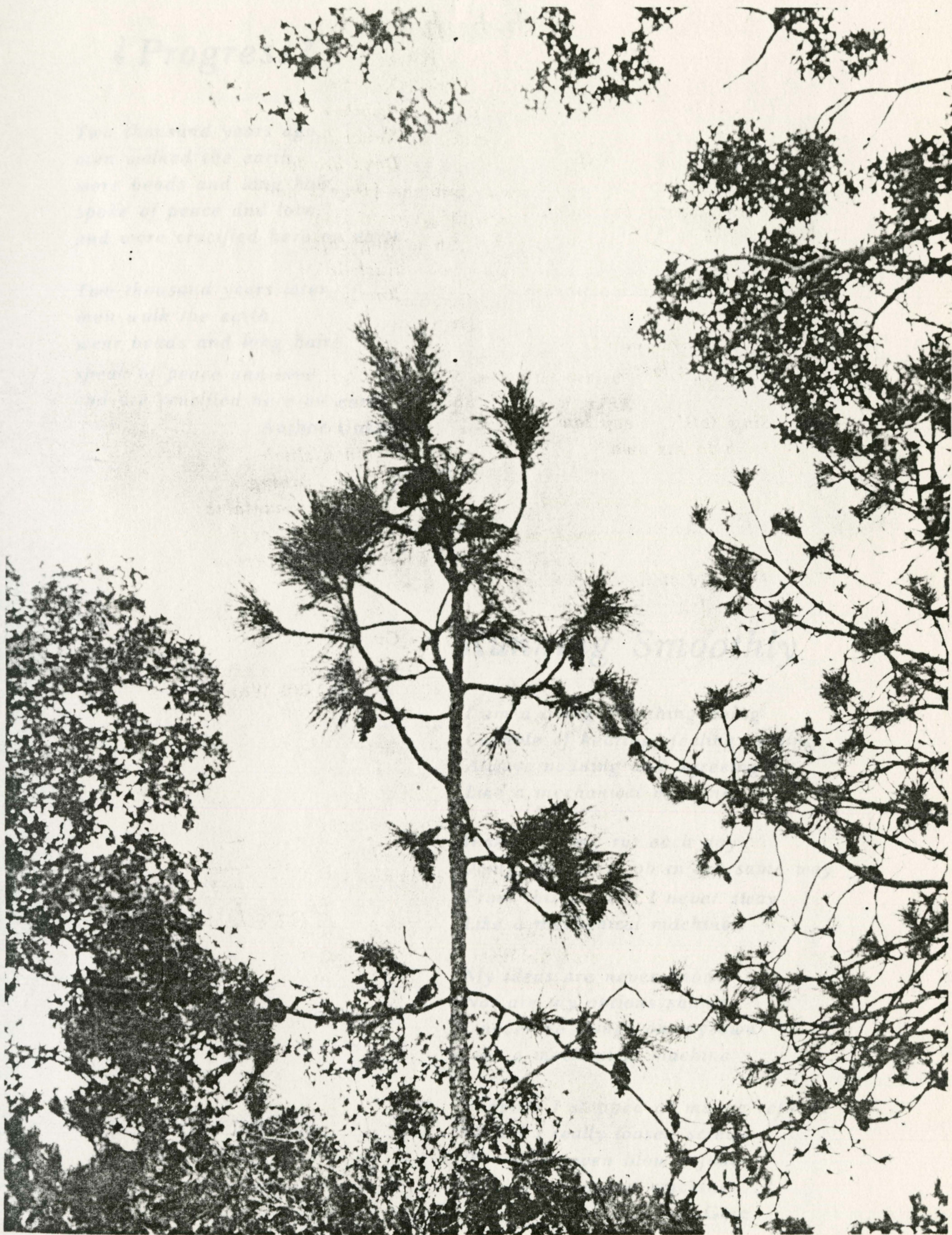
Bill Webster

Revelation

*In the hours that before us loom
lies the destiny of the world--
our Doom.*

*As pessimistic as this may seem,
it is the truth; it was revealed
in the Dream.*

T. Page



Progress?

*Two thousand years ago,
men walked the earth,
wore beads and long hair,
spoke of peace and love,
and were crucified here on earth.*

*Two thousand years later,
men walk the earth,
wear beads and long hair,
speak of peace and love
and are crucified here on earth.*

Author Unknown

Running Smoothly

*I am a living breathing being
Capable of hearing, feeling, seeing
Always nodding and agreeing
Like a mechanical machine*

*Waking in my rut each day
Doing the same job in the same way
From this pattern I never sway
Like a mechanical machine*

*My ideas are never known
Nor are my options shown
I never do things on my own
Like a mechanical machine*

*Suppose I stopped or maybe refused
Would I really loosen screws
Or maybe even blow a fuse
Like a mechanical machine...?*

Linda Gore

Bare-Assed Armour

*the streaker struck again,
bare-assed running across the commons,
co-eds shriek with disbelief,
administrators dial desperately,
HOORAY! the national guard has come to save
us all,
armed to the hilt they pursue our Adam of
seventy-four,
he too is armed with
his god given protector,
waiting to piss on their barrels and rust them
forever.*

Mark Land

*I left.
got on the bus
and sunk into the seat
like a rock on the river.
My bag between me and the window.
Watched the road run away
with the six o'clock.
And everything was all right
with no thoughts of you.
But in the city
with the on and off
of the red and green
I thought of undressing
me and you.
Me and you
in a bed
of earth spices
and fire desire.
I woke myself
got off to watch my feet
walk down the street
to pick up the thoughts
I left on the steps
for Goodwill.*

Sharon Humberson

Neglect

*The sun warms their wrinkled aged skin,
They sit in wheel chairs of tin,
Clinging to memories gone past,
This is their life, how long will it last?
We send them to homes to be cared for and pampered,
I wonder how many lives these homes have hampered,
When they are gone no one will cry,
But rather sit...sit and watch them die.*

Mark Land

Dead Start

*My alarm clock rings, calling me
to rise and go to school--*

I'D RATHER DIE.

*Outside the rain falls in a fine
mist--falls on the road, my
car, the crabgrass and sandspurs;
It cries for me on my window.*

The alarm runs down; i am not up.

*It's always hard to get up on
MONDAYS!*

*i lay there coldly staring at the
ceiling without seeing.*

*Mother calls for me to get up--
i don't answer; i don't hear.*

*She comes to jerk me out of bed,
grabs my pale, icy hand, and
shudders.*

*She puts her ear to my solemn
chest, and then runs out of the
room*

S C R E A M I N G ! ! !

T. Page

MIRROR

*why am i so grotesque?
my branches are vile and
my base is charcoaled black
where are the lovely limbs that
should touch gentle green needles?
i've great gaps
between each body member.
oh, i'm a pitiful pine tree!
am i a freak of nature
or a mirror of man's
madness?*

Pat D'Anna

2. C. E. V. W. I. C. I. I.

1000

every one of you
has been to the
conference.

There are many
who are not of the
same mind as we
are to the
conference. Some
are of the mind
that we should
not have the
conference.

W. O. V. I. C. I. I.

It is a great
pity that we
are not of the
same mind as
we are to the
conference. Some
are of the mind
that we should
not have the
conference.

1. D. V. I. C. I. I.

to the end of
the world.

Dear Sirs

My dear Sirs

There are many
who are not of the
same mind as we
are to the
conference. Some
are of the mind
that we should
not have the
conference.

Yours



"REFLECTIONS" by FPS